

## GIMME A BREAK

at sim's coffee shop on the corner  
of bellflower boulevard and spring street,  
across from the enormous cal worthington  
ford dealership, i order the club sandwich

and sit observing its layers of turkey,  
bacon, tomatoes and lettuce on double-  
decker toasted white bread. i remove  
the toothpick from one triangle, sink

my teeth into it, lick the rich ling-  
ering mayonnaise from my moustache. this  
sandwich will cost me a little over four  
dollars. it includes potato salad, half

a pickle, a slice of carrot. i could not  
buy this sandwich in london if i had  
just held up the bank of england. i doubt  
that i could duplicate it in paris.

so please don't mention nitrites,  
cholesterol, pesticides, or the lack of  
fiber. let me just savor what any child could  
tell us: how wonderful an American sandwich

tastes. and if you do fuck up this lunch for  
me, i swear i'll eat nothing but cheeseburgers  
and tuna sandwiches until there's not a dolphin  
left in what used to be the rainforests.

## THE AFTERNOON AFTER

in some ways i'm at my best when  
i'm most hungover. i know there's  
no way i'm going to be "productive,"  
so i just hang around the house,

nursing a sherry and maybe a football  
game, as my kids crawl on and off  
of me and my wife takes advantage  
of my comically diminished concentration

to slaughter me at chinese checkers,  
and i daydream poems as powerful as  
pleasure domes, which would never dare  
to occur to me if there were any chance

that i would ever write them down.